

# A New DIALOGUE BETWEEN Some body and No body. OR The Observer and Observed.

Friday, November 25. 1681.

*No body.* Cousen, well met: Cousen, a word with you.

*Some body.* Cousen say you: there be many Cousens Sir, I th' world; and you may be one of them for ought I know: for I don't think I ever saw you in my life, and know not how you come to claim kindred of me.

*N.* You may have heard of me Sir, for I am of the Family of the *Bodys*.

*S.* I know not who you are, for I have heard of many a Rascal: but you look so like a *Tory* by your Garb and Habit, that I will ha' nothing to say to you.

*N.* I look like what I am not.

*S.* The more dangerous Fellow still. But what is your Name, that presses thus to be known to me?

*N.* My name is *No body*.

*S.* I have heard of you indeed good Mr. *No body*. Sir, Fare you well, for you are one of the most dangerous Fellows I ever met with; and a Man had need stand upon his Guard that converses with you, as if he were discoursing with *F.G. T.B.* or *B.H.* who are not to be spoken with, without a Jury of Witnesses.

*N.* Good Cousen *Some body*, be not so fearful, for I may talk *Treason* by Authority.

*S.* Why are you a *Tory*?

*N.* *No body* may speak *Treason*.

*S.* I thank you for that, and *Some body* may be hang'd for it. I won't come within the Air of your Breath; for you are one of the most pernicious Scribblers of the Age; the Press is pester'd with your Works of all sorts and sizes. What Carloads of *Treason*, Scurrilous, Virulent, and Malicious Papers, are put out every day on *no body's* Name, and Printed for *no body*, nay impudently owned by *no body*.

*N.* You see then I am a Man of Note.

*S.* So noted a Man, that I don't care to ha' to do with you: for you are a Man of no Principles or Religion; you write on both sides.

*N.* There's your mistake, for I am of your Religion.

*S.* What's that?

*N.* Of every Religion; or of the Religion that's uppermost: let's not fall out about that, our Cousen *Every body* has invented a Religion that all will conform to.

*S.* And what is that?

*N.* The Religion of *H.R.* and the *Observer*, INTEREST.

*S.* I see you are acquainted with the *Tories*, you are a *Trepanner*, I'll leave you.

*N.* Ben't so hot as *Tory T.*, who sweats his Religion out at his forehead: *Cants* one day, and *Recants* another, *says* and *unsays* as fast as a Dog will trot. Leave me for nothing.

*S.* I have told you the Reason, it's a dangerous time to hold Discourses with *any body*; you may swear me out of my Life for ought I know.

*N.* *Any body* is a Rascal, for he opposes *Some body*. But mistake not, I never swore against *Any body* in my life, and I am of that Reputation, that my Oath will not be taken. So that you are safe enough.

*S.* What is your business with me?

*N.* Only to Dialogue after the Mode.

*S.* After whose mode?

*N.* The new Mode of *Railing*. Why should not we Rail a little against the *Times*, talk *Non-sence*, *Rant*, *fence*, *Examine*, *Observe*, *Abuse* the People, *Pamphlets*, *Matters*, *Religion* and *Government*, as well as other Folks?

*S.* Nay, nay, I see you are no well-meaning Man: no lover of your King nor Country, a hater of Government, a Man of no Religion, a *Discenter*, a *Gunning Nation*, a *Whig* of the last Edition; by this infallible mark of hiding against the ingenious *Belphegor Hencham*, and the most indefatigable *Briarum* the *Observer*, who has built a *Skel* with his hundred Hands, higher than that of Old in the Plains of *Shinar*, to save all *orded Protestants* from the Land-Floud of the *Whigs*, which he expects.

N, I

*N.* I think you are as fearless as *Heracles* himself, and as Malicious as the *Observer*, but I am afraid you have not so good Spectacles, else I would desire a little of your observation in Dialogue.

*S.* If I may have any Confidence in you, and that you will not speak Treason, I don't care if we do Dialogue together, to get us a Stomach sometimes to our Dinner, as well as other People; for since they have not got a Licence for all the Talking in the World, why should not we chat a little?

*N.* You say true, they have no Padlock for our Tongues, and I know no reason, but we may talk as well as they.

*S.* But then we must talk as impertinently, and with as little Sense and Reason, and with an huge stock of Confidence.

*N.* Nay, We must learn to lye too, backbite, defame, rail, threaten, domineer, and triumph over the weaker side.

*S.* That I have not yet attain'd to.

*N.* But we may observe how artificially the *Tories* do it, and learn to fence after their manner: And for that end Cousen *Some body*, if you will be a *Whig*, I will shew my self a *Tory*, and discourse as like one as ever you heard.

*S.* 'Tis a dangerous thing to take the *Whigs* Party, they are going to the Wall, say into the Kennel, their Meeting-houses are going down too, there's a Statute for it.

*N.* And as the wise *Observer* says, may they not thank themselves for it?

*S.* For being so quiet in them: for Preaching and Praying?

*N.* No, for meddling with the Government.

*S.* A black Charge, all the enormities of the lewdest People are charged upon them without Proof or Witness.

*N.* How so? Is not *Heracles* a sufficient Witness? And is not the *Observer's* word Proof and plain Demonstration? And is not *N.T.* to be believ'd: what would you have?

*S.* But for all that a Grand Jury of most of the Nation will find their black Bill of Charge, *IGNORAMUS*.

*N.* Then shall all those of the Nation (let them be who, and as many as they will) be accounted by them as bad *Fanatics* as any Grand Jury that ever sat at *Hickes-Hall*.

*S.* But is this the way to be of one Religion?

*N.* You had best call this Persecution

do: Sir, the *Whigs* Schools too must be Reformed, as well as their Conventicles confounded: No more Seminaries nor Nurseries, Mark that!

*S.* That's the right way indeed to be of one Religion.

*N.* Now are you hinting?— speak out *Whig*, you mean Queen *Maries*.

*S.* Know it by my mumping, if you will, these are not times to speak out *Truth is not to be spoken at all times*.

*N.* Is it not time to down with the Conventicles, when as the *Observer* Observes, they convert them into Work-houses? What a many several Trades has he found among them, *Lifers, Canvasers, Make-Paniers, Turners, Cutters, Casters or Founders?* and all these at the Meeting-houses. Good People! how they are employed, if you believe him? 'Tis fit therefore they should be all put down, as well as the *Quakers, Abbots, Monks, and Nunneries* were by *Henry VIII.*

*S.* But I doubt the King won't get so much by these, as *Harry* did by them: They were put down for being idle, lazy Drones, and these for being too busy and laborious Workmen. See how the times are changed.

*N.* But they are meeting apace in a *Reformation*.

*S.* And shall no *Dissenters* be indulg'd?

*N.* There are a sort that are not in the *Observer's* List, that hope yet for more than Indulgement.

*S.* Prethee, Are there not several sorts of *Assentors*, or *Consentors*, as well as *Dissentors*?

*N.* I think so, but name them your self if you will.

*S.* For instance then, There are your blind-fold *Assentors*, and these are your true *Ignoramuses* that know neither the *Why* nor the *Wherefore*, of their Religion; they consent for Form sake, and assent at all Adventures, right or wrong, and see no more in so a Case of Conscience, than the *Observer* into a Millstone. Then there are your *Hypocritical Consentors*, who look one way, and row another, and many a thousand of this sort, open their Mouths loudst against *Dissentors*: These the *Observer* overlooks, or will not observe. Then you have your wilful *Consentors*, who will neither use nor understand Reason, and had rather a third part of the Nation should perish, than part with the least shred or paring of the Form of Religion, and had rather confound a Million of *Dissentors* Consciences, than part with an Indifferent Bawble: These are they who will hear no Reason, for they are in the Right they're sure of it, and cry out much on Religion, according as it is by *Law Established*: If you dissent from these, they cry out *Fanatic, Whig, Villain, Traynor*, and will have every Conscience Fancie. These are Men also stiff to their Party, are for Persecution, and believe as the Church believe, tho they know not what it is. And as for *Spiesful Assentors*, commend me to those who cry down down with 'em, down with their *Conventicles*, down with their Consciences, and then pick up their sayings, rake in the faults of Persons, speak against every one that crosses them, and would fain have the Statute renewed for the *Writ De Comburendo Hæreticu*. These are a sort of virulent, malicious *Assentors*, that would be, if they might, as *William* and as Cruel as the *Papists*.



A New **DIALOGUE**  
BETWEEN  
**Some body and No body,**  
OR THE  
**Observer Observed.**

Tuesday, November 29. 1681.

*No body.* **W**ELL met, well met Cousen *Some body.*

*Some body.* Nay Mr. *No body*, I can't tell that.

*N.* What are you sick then?

*S.* Not sick neither, but I don't care to be met with: Meetings must be put down, there must be no Meetings, therefore I will turn and go backward.

*N.* Must I speak then to your Back-Side?

*S.* Ay, Ay, all things are *Arsa versa, ripsie turvie, histeron, proteron* — The Chimes go backward, the World runs backward, the Age backslides, and all things turn backward.

*N.* I perceive you are an *Ignoramus*, a very *Whiggish*, wilful *Ignoramus*, that would change the Times as well as alter the Laws — You are a mear *Stat pro ratione voluntas*. All this grumbling over the Gizzard is because the *Westminster Boys* burnt — in *Effigie*: is it not so? Come, come, they are not Queen *Maries* days yet, they are peaceable days still; 'tis but *Jack Presbyter* instead of Mr. *Pope*.

*S.* I say nothing to *No body*, but let me think, tho 'tis somewhat strange to see such a twerl-about on Gun-powder Treason day, a clout *Pope* to be rescued from the Fire, and the Image of a noted *Protestant* Preacher to be burnt.

*N.* Yes with all the *Ignoramus's* and *Ad-dresses* for a Parliament to boot.

*S.* 'Tis now as they would have it.

*N.* No it is not yet as they would have it. for you have the *Loyal Protestants* word for it, *That as a great expression of Loyalty to His Majesty they (or Mr. Some body) wished the real Person of whom the Image represented and all his Followers, (that is, all Protestant Dissenters) had been burnt with him.* So that you see it is not yet as they would have it.

*S.* 'Tis pretty well towards — on my word, when that horrid Contrivance of the *Gunpowder Plot* is forgotten, or durst not be owned by the burning of a *Pope*.

*N.* One Nail drives out another; the new *Presbyterian, Whiggish Plot*, has driven out the Old and New *Papish Plots*, as if they had never been.

*S.* That 'is because the one is real, the other imagined.

*N.* Which mean you?

*S.* Nay there I am *Ignoramus*, and satisfied in

my own Conscience, and will not declare you my Reasons.

*N.* Why then you are a most wilful *Ignoramus*, when *Heraclitus* has made it as plain as the Nose on your Face, that by putting none but known *Dissenters* upon the Pannels, is a most sufficient evidence of a *Whiggish Plot*, as a man can wish or desire. Besides, to strengthen it, 'the Narrative of the Dr. of the Tower —

*S.* But what if I can't believe it?

*N.* Then I say you have an *Ignoramus* Conscience, and shall be called to account for it

*You must come so, and you shall come so, And you must come whether you will or no.*

*S.* In the mean time I'll keep the Cusheon till we are out of the Wood.

*N.* Mr. *Ignoramus* is about to bring you out of it, if you will have patience *Heraclitus* says.

*S.* Patience! 'tis the chiefest virtue that has been exercised of late. O blessed *Patience*!

*N.* Now are you praying backwards; there is no understanding *Some body*, he speaks one thing and means another.

*S.* Don't take me for a *Yefuite* or a *Tory*.

*N.* But I take you to be a Man in a Cloke.

*S.* What mean you? the *Loyal Protestants*'s Holder-forth, so like Dr. *Glanvil's Devil*? then you take me for a damn'd *Whig*?

*N.* No *Cousen*, I must observe to you a little better than so, for the great Oracle of the Nation has pronounc'd it, that some *Whigs* may be sav'd.

*S.* Why this is the greatest Proof that he ever gave that he is no *Papist*; for the *Papists* hold, *That no Hereticks can be saved*, and that all who are not of their Church are *HERETICKS*: But if he has said a *Whig* may be saved, infallibly he is no *Papist*.

*N.* But mark you my Friend, 'tis only a *Christian Whig* that can be saved, and such *Whigs* may make this Nation the happiest People on the face of the Earth, they are common blessings, and to their power do good to all men.

*S.* I'm glad to hear it with all my heart; and why is this Man so bitter against the *Whigs* then? since there may be many Hundreds, if not Thousands of such *Christian Whigs*, that are *Dissenters* in the Nation; good, just, holy, pious, conscientious, charitable *Whigs*, that meddle not with the Government, give no embroil, or trou-

ble

ble to it, but walk according to the true tenderness of their Opinion; and yet if I am not mistaken, he has in other places said, there could be none of the *Dissenters* good, no not one.

N. He speaks only against factious, unchristian *Whigs*.

S. Faction has no part in Religion; but let him not under that Notion, draw in and comprehend all Men that dissent from the Church of England, as he has too often done. Let him rail against the Factious, as much as he pleases; they may be on the one hand, as well as the other; but he has endeavoured by that means, to shoulder out all *Protestant Dissenters*, under the Titles of *Fanatics* and *Whigs*, however the evil Spirit came to be allay'd at this time.

N. He had spent much of his Gall before, and his Cholodock Vessels were empty.

S. But they will soon fill again, for Choller is the predominate humor of his Constitution, and you shall hear him shortly as hot as ever against *Dissenters*, and make them as very Devils and Hobgoblins as his Pen can paint them.

N. I think you are a Witch, for the very next appearance he makes, he's at his old Vomit, Choller and Gall: — *Whiggish Murthers and Massacres; Whiggish Blasphemy and Treasons; Whiggish Plots and Rebellions; he spends like Thunder on the old scent.*

S. Don't you know the reason of that? He has told you himself, *That he must needs go whom the Devil drives.*

N. There he calls the Parliament, or the Commons at least, Devils by craft; they are all of them very *Belphegors* to him, and will send him again into the *Netherlands*. But 'tis you Mr. Dissenting *Some body* that by assuming the appellation of *Protestant*, has brought the dignity of that Profession into Contempt.

S. Or rather, have not the *Tories* and *Tamivies* of your Acquaintance, brought a scandal and suspicion upon many of the Church of England, by their strange Methods of justifying them, and condemning all *Protestants* in the World besides?

N. Be advised, and leave *Luther*, think on the name no more, there is no such denomination in Scripture; let it be hence forward *Christian*, for I am almost ashamed of the other name now, since your taking it upon you, being a dissenting *Whig*, has so much abused it.

S. I am content friend, I like the Name well; but tell me, mayn't I be still a dissenting *Christian*, or a *Christian Dissenter*? and will not that render me then to a *Tory* or a *Papist*, lyable to be compared with a *Mahometan*, as most religiously is observed by the *Observer*?

N. Why, to tell you truly, if you will be a *Dissenting Christian*, according to the *Tory Creed*, you shall be no more than a *Turk* or a *Jew*, nor so much neither; but look you, if you will live in submission to your Superiours, the Pope and his Priests, and be so charitable as to believe all for Gospel, what some will tell you, then you may own the Name, but to take up the Name of *Protestant* (as the *Whigs* do) to steal *Horses* only, or

to take up money upon Credit, is a plain fraud that the Church of Rome itself has not been bold enough to venture upon.

S. How tender of the Church of *Rome's* Reputation are you grown! Good *Christians* all, that seem what they are. True basters of *Hereticks*, and all sorts of *Protestants*! But since we are not to be called *Protestants*, and that *Dissenting Christians* implies the same thing, what Name shall we have?

N. As for that, your Godfathers the *Observer* and *Heraclitus* have given you Names sufficient, as *Fanatics*, *Whigs*, *Prayers*, *Rebels*, *Villains*, and many other such like most *Christian* Appellations, to distinguish you from the *Ramish* Church: But we will allow you to be a *Dissenting Protestant*, or a *Dissenting Christian*; but by no means a *Protestant Dissenter*, or a *Protestant Christian*.

S. What Fiddling is this upon words! It jingles like a tinkling Cymbal, with a noise without Music.

N. Something like *Le Strange's* Notes upon *Colledg*.

S. I see you are about to speak against the Government, therefore I'll leave you; for I fear 'tis to draw me in with your new *Irish* way of Dialoguing: To speak against *L. S.* or any of his pious words, is to speak against both Religion, Law, King, Court, Council, and all that, &c.

N. Nay Sir, He's more than all that I'll assure you, but as to his Notes upon *Colledg*, I have nothing more to observe to you, but that he begins well to his Reader. It is not the part of a *Christian*, nor indeed of a man (except himself) to insult upon the miserable, either in their *Memories*, or in their Persons, besides that the Criminal here in Question, has already satisfied *Publick Justice*, &c.

S. Then comes a *Yes* this doth not hinder but that a man may, according to his Talent, honestly satise this Morality, by endeavouring to say as much ill of an Executed *Dissenter*, as he can; and that notwithstanding all his knowledge in *Heathenish* and *Christian* Morals, for the Cause, and something *Else* sake, he may honestly be permitted to rake in the Ashes of the Dead, disturb their Memory, sling Dung on their Words, execute them over again, play a second *Jesus's* part, and dissect their bowels, draw out, with twisting inferences, their words, shew their thoughts, expound their meanings, and let no part of their Quarters rest in quiet.

N. But to leave this stuff, what say you to *Heraclitus's* last Ballad, of *The Whigs Save-all*.

S. I don't care if I give you another, 'tis called:

*The Tories burn all, Or, The Tories Candles End upon the Whigs Save-all.*

To London make halt, While the Candle doth last,  
Now the People are all in a maze;  
For our old cause here, Does in Triumph appear,  
Tho' our Candle is e'en at last blaze.  
We've borrow'd *Whigs* Save all, That our Candle might  
Th' advantage that we can give it (have all  
Our Lies tho' but shallow, Do serve us for Tallow,  
With which we take care to relieve it.  
We've more tricks than one, And turn every Stone  
To bring in the *Papist* Religion:  
Let no Man then blame us, For sham *Ignoramus*,  
To cheat a *Whig*, or a *Protestant* Widgeon.  
O now for a Jury, Of *Papist* and *Tory*,  
To believe all that is a mere —  
As e're was swore by the true, *Papistical* Crew;  
And against *Papists* to find *Bills Vera*.  
We can hang, we can burn, If once the Tyde turn,  
We then shall have our *Mandamus*:  
Then *Whigs* you must turn all, Or else you shall burn all,  
We'll ne'r find a *Bill Ignoramus*.  
If Candles-End doth last, Till some time be past,  
Tho' it grow so near to the Snuff;  
To affect our desire In kindling a Fire  
It will serve all our turns well enough.  
Then will we remember, *Whigs* Fifth of November,  
And their burning of so many *Popes*,  
Th' Image shan't serve turn, Live *Whigs* we will burn,  
And their *Save-alls* hang up in our Ropes.  
Then it shall appear, We can domineer,  
And in our damn'd Crimes we can glory;  
For when we expire, We fear not Hell-Fire,  
And can be pray'd out of *Purgatory*.



# A New DIALOGUE BETWEEN Somebody & Nobody. OR THE Observer and Heraclitus OBSERVED.

Monday, December 5. 1681.

**Nobody.** **W**hat in a brown study? what ha' you there, *Heraclitus* railing against the *No Protestant Plot*; a most wicked Libel, which, like the Shams, begets another.

**Some-body.** I am laughing to see the Fellow mumble a company of Pebbles, taking them to be Nuts; he thinks to crack them, and breaks the stumps in his Mouth: Is not *Swinger* a kin to you?

**N.** He is one of the *Some-bodys*: I assure you, but which of them I cannot tell you: But I wonder he could not be met with in the *Protestant Banio*.

**S.** He is acquainted indeed with the Rubbers, tho they are a numerous Corporation, ever since they have rub'd the *Papish Plot* out of sight. They have rub'd a *Jesuite* into a *Presbyter*.

**N.** Yes, they would feign rub out the Mayors Sign of Sir *Ed. Godfrey* too, that offends the Rubbers.

**S.** But they will never be able to rub the stain out of the Peoples Memorie, let them rub their hearts out.

**N.** There are some who think to do it with the Brish of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

**S.** That's nothing to the rubbing of one man into two: There's a Miracle for you.

**N.** Not so great neither, as the *Tory* Rubbers have performed, who have rub'd 6 or 7 Traytors into Saints. Come Sir, they know how to rub and Let too, as well as the best Fanatical Rubbers of them all.

**S.** If you begin to make Comparisons I'll leave you; you are as spiteful as *Heraclitus*, and as malicious as the *Observer*.

**N.** And have they not reason to be so, when the *Whigs* present their Papers for a Neufance?

**S.** And much they care for it; for they are still ready to present the *Whigs* with 2 or 3 sheets of Bumfodder to rub them.

**N.** You remember the *Observer* says, things must be done discreetly and in order.

**S.** And I remember too, that that Text made an honest man lose his Dinner.

**N.** That's a mistake, it was not the Text, but the ill handling that Text made the honest man lose his Dinner.

**S.** That *Observer* is an insulting fellow over the dead, *Observe* his Notes and his Sayings.

**N.** 'Tis but only to inform the living, and to disabuse the People.

**S.** Good Man! I will put you one Query. Why this Gentleman never wrote Notes on the Five *Jesuites*, who said they dy'd innocent? nor by his convincing way of arguing, informed the Living, or disabused the Common People, too many of whom were apt to believe the dying words of such holy men?

**N.** Because he thought them better Christians than those he writes against: But let me ask you one Question, what were you studying on?

**S.** To English a little more than a line of *Horace*, in the Front of *Heraclitus*, Numb. 43.

**N.** What need you trouble your self, he has done it for you?

**S.** Even as the *Papists* interpret Scripture: He has made the *Whigs* of Ancient standing: But since *Horace* was a *Roman*, I think it may be better apply'd to his People, who pray to such Saints; and then I thought

— pulchra Laverna

*Da mihi fallere, da justum, sanctumque videre.*  
might say, — Fair Hag or Saint  
Let me deceive the World with Romish paint,  
For thy sake, holy Cause, permit me feign,  
Seem holy, just, and Godliness my Gain.

**N.** This interpretation will be as well lik'd as Captain *Wilkinson's* Information.

**S.** Or as the Bonfires t'other night thorough out London, I wonder the *Observer* and *Heraclitus* did not piss them out.

**N.** They ran away at the Shout of the People upon the pronouncing *Ignoramus*: that is a terrible word, and sounds like Thunder in their ears. But let 'em go, betwixt you and me, the Little great Lord I am afraid is no great Statesman, but a Fool.

**S.** Why so?

**N.** Because he did so openly and plainly discover his Mind, conspire and conspire the most horrid Treason he is charged with, and was indicted for, with such kind of Men, *Papists*, Turncoats, Profligated Wretches, that could stand him in no stead, in those great designs of overthrowing a Kingdom, with so many, so openly, without binding to secrecy, with Oaths and Sa-

craments;

crainments; and to be so familiar and intimate with such persons, below his Quality, as to open his Bosom and Secrets; and indeed, to be so great a Fool or Mad-Man, to trust his Life, his Estate, the Honour of his Family in such Hands. He has clearly lost my Opinion for a Politician.

S. This was not considered before hand. Look you, these Fellows were Doves; harmless Pigeons, that could do no hurt with down-right Swearing, ask honest *Heracitus* else; who in his impudent front of *Numb. 44.* puts down,

*Dat veniam Corvis, vocat censura Columbe.*  
They pardon the Crows, and condemn the Doves.  
Harmless Turtles!

*Did not our Laws with us bear sway,  
Each Dog would tear a Limb away:  
Then Loyalty would become a Crime,  
And Villains to Preferment climb.  
Cheaters would turn the wrong to right,  
Make Whigs seem black, and Papists white.  
Tell me, you worse than Bedlamites,  
If Wise Men did not bound the rage  
Of some mad Fools of this Age,  
What could secure our Lives, our Laws, our*  
(*Rights?*)

N. You are very Poetical methinks. But Sir, Treason is Treason, let me tell you, not only overt Acts according to the Statute of 25th. of *Ed. 3.* but Treasonable Words are Treason, according to that of 13. *Car. 2.* being proved by two credible and substantial Witnesses.

S. A Man had need have a care whom he converses with, and keep a Journal of his words, as well as Actions; but I think it would do well, that this whirling Sin of Perjury were made death by the Law, especially in such cases, where the Juror, by a false Oath, shall attempt to take away the life of another.

N. That's not our business: Let our wise Legislators in *Parliament* think of that: But I hope you do not charge any of the King's Witnesses.

S. Not I; but I hope a *Grand Jury* may think of their Credibility, since he that swears Treason against another, by the Statute, ought to be a Credible Witness.

N. There is another Reason given for the *Juries* finding the Bill *Ignoramus*.

S. Because the Indictment was not put in according to the Time limited in the Statute. Then you see the *Gentlemen* had more reasons than one.

N. But *Somebody* thinks they had no more Reason than an Horse.

S. Don't pretend to know my Thoughts: Sir, this is a *Tory* trick; when Treason is spoke to *Nobody*, to put it upon *Somebody*; but if *Anybody* thinks ill of the *Grand Juries* *Ignoramus*, they are the *Papists* and *Heracitus*, for he tells you plainly, arraigning the Justice and Consciences of the *Grand Jury*, when the Court did not, *Numb. 44.* *That their Ignoramus Declaration convinced not, nor contributed any thing towards the Conviction of any sober Man, from the suspicious he had before.*

N. But he would have a Man Try'd right or wrong by his Peers.

S. Yes, and have his Life put in jeopardy before there is a full occasion for it; but since the Law is so tender of an *English-mans* *Liberty*, as to ordain two *Juries*, first to pass upon him before he shall forfeit it; I know not by what Authority *Heracitus* would have this Old Law broke, to bring a Man upon his Tryal for his Life by his Peers, and not to permit the *Grand Jury* of his Country, (made up usually of the most knowing, honest and able Men of the Country) to judge whether there is any such occasion, of putting a Mans Life in jeopardy; in which case they are certainly Judges.

N. Ay, but if a certain number of Men be disposed or ordained, to understand a matter one way, be of this Opinion; and a greater number of Men, as honest and considerable, &c. determine another way, the minds of Men will remain in *equilíbrio*, till true Arguments put a force upon them.

S. Mayn't I here play the *Observer*, and pick out the sense of these words?

N. You may save your self the labour, for *Heracitus* tells you himself the meaning, by his Story of his *Sheep* proved *Hogs*: though I think the Parallel does not hold, for in this case, the *Irish* drovers *Hogs* are proved *Sheep*.

S. He that villifies *Parliaments*, may well be permitted to villify *Grand Juries*; and to make a company of Loyal Gentlemen *Knives*, to give false Judgment, contrary to their knowledge, to make *Hogs* *Sheep*.

N. 'Tis but a Jest Sir, and a Story, take no notice of it.  
S. Yes, cut any Throat and defame me, with a Jest and a Story, or a Lye, or any thing such as *Thompson* in *Numb. 82.* of his *Loyal Intelligence*, who says, *Ignoramus* was no proper name, but a general Hiss went through out the Court.

N. O Sir, he may say any thing, he may  
*Cum Prælogio.*

S. With the same Authority, as the *Observer* rails,

N. He hath been very well employed in making comparisons.

S. Between the *Turks* and the *Whigs* Cruelties; that is his way, speak either against his beloved *Pope* or *Turk*, and he presently flaps you i'th' mouth with a *Whig*; he has him for all Comparisons, and then he still makes him the worst.

N. 'Tis his charity for *Protestants*, that they may not be overlaid by the Plot-reeming Monstrous *Presbyterian Discipline*, that has 20000 Plots in its Belly, and continually spawning them from Generation to Generation, *Numb. 72.* *Plots against God, the King, the Liberties of the People, and the freedom of Human Society, and of Mankind.*

S. Great Charges: but now, will not he cry out, if his black Bill be found *Ignoramus*, and that he has spite, malice, revenge, interest, and no Truth or Justice in his Indictment against the *Whigs* or *Protestants*, (I know not how to distinguish 'em) or, to comprehend them in his own words, *Disseminators*: These are the Persons he spends half a side against, to prove them Plotters, Traytors, Rebels and Conspirators, with as little Reason as Honesty.

N. You must not question the Oracle, he is a kind of a *Dictator*, and can direct the *State* to destroy Private Meetings, and tells them, 'tis necessary, and that the Government cannot be safe without it.

S. I wonder it has then bin thus long safe and quiet without trouble or interruption, till the *Papist* Plotters began to disturb it; and till the barking *Foxes* and the chattering *Heracitus's* made such a confused din, that no body could be heard but themselves; big with Exclamations against such as speak or act against *Papery*.

N. Well Sir, have a care I advise you how you speak against the *Observers*, lest he bring you to have your nose rub'd at his *Cats Inquisition Office*: he'll prove as good a Whipper as ever *Boner* was; he is to be Beadle-general to claw off the *Heretic* *Protestants*.

S. That's putting the Laws in execution, he means the bloody ones of *Q. Mary*, but we have a better Government: & one who has so much Piety as not to be mov'd by such *Isignators*, and that understands not the necessity of any such rigor, as he would infer, having by experience found the contrary. Let Offenders suffer, but let not the Innocent be oppress'd for fear they should offend;

*If some could have their wills, all Men should fall,  
Down, and turn worshippers of Lordly-Baal:  
But God, who sees into the Secret Parts,  
Examines and confounds unrighteous Arts.*



A New DIALOGUE  
BETWEEN  
Somebody & Nobody.

OR  
Observer and Heracles  
OBSERVED

Monday, December 13, 1681

Somebody. WELL How go squares?

Nobody. Things do not go square, the Tories are all in a rage. Tenor barks, the Monkey chatters, and the Animals are running mad.

S. Let them be wroth'd, is it such hot weather at Christmas?

N. The Bonfires t'other day so heated their brains, they never were cold since; and besides, such News comes out of the Country, that it is as bad to 'em as Addresses or Petitions for a Parliament.

S. O that is for the rejoycing for Tenor release.

N. I wonder so many should be concern'd for that little Man.

S. 'Tis not for the Man, but the Protestant Cause, which was struck at in him, makes all Loyal Hearts rejoyce, that he is found innocent, for Thousands that wish him well, and that Innocency might never suffer under contrivances, nor the Protestant Cause undermined by the Jesuitical Shams, would be as ready to excuse him, did they believe him a Traynor or a Rebel, or knew that he intended any harm to His Majesty or his Government.

N. Heracles, the Observer and a thousand more, are not of your mind Sir.

S. 'Tis their business to make the World believe otherwise. He must rise early, that has every body's good word. And I think there is a Word to him, whom every body speaks well of. I should not much care for the good word of a Tory, for he will make a Saint of Coleman, and a Devil of any, that, for the good of his Country, opposes his wicked Devices. 'Tis the fate of a Wise Man to be suspected, and let him be never so honest, he may be traduced.

N. Prethe leave thy sentences, here's stuff indeed, fit for a Pulpit. Suspected! won't you believe the New Song of Innocency, that makes your Wife Man a greater Traynor than Coleman?

S. I did not hear it.

N. At the Old Bayly.

Where Regus flock daily.

A greater Traynor far than Coleman, White or

Was late Indicted,

Witnesses Cited,

But Tony was set free, and so the King was righted.

But

But

But

But

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But what says the *Tories* Printer?

N. I hear he is preferred to attend on the Dutchess of P. into France. But did you see *Le' Strange's* Godly Sayings?

S. No; and yet I see most things that come out, and they are so many I am fain to keep a Catalogue of them.

N. They are Printed in the 76 *Observer*, who justifies him, and by these notable Sayings of his, proves his quarrel, is not to the dissent, but to the *Sedition*.

S. *Somebody* I wonderfull I thought he had been endeavouring by some thousands of railing Paragraphs, to be pick'd up through his Writings, to prove the dissent, a *Sedition*: And I am sure, more than an hundred times, he calls the *Dissenters* not only *Seditious*, but *Villains*, *Traitors* and *Plotters*. What the *Presbyterians* but *Dissenters*, and *Presbytery* but a *Dissent* from the Church of England in some particulars of Church Government? and yet this *Presbytery* he tells you, *Numb. 72. Is a Monster with 20000 Ploes in the Belly of it, spawning them from Generation to Generation, Plotting against the King, People and all Mankind*; and yet he quarrels not with the dissent, Good Man! but when he makes the *Dissent*, to be all one with the *Sedition*, I cannot see into his distinction: But what are his Sayings in their behalf?

N. He says, *Numb. 69. That Dr. Gouge* (though a *Dissenter*) *was a common Blessing, and did good to all Men, to the utmost of his power*: And *Numb. 74. That at least 9 parts in 10, throughout the whole Party of Dissenters, are People of good Intentions, and would never join in a Rebellion. And now you have the Illads in a Nut-shell.*

S. Are these all? a little, very little Book of Good and Godly Sayings of Mr. *Le' Strange's*, and these he thinks shall atone, for his Voluminous, Railing Rhapsodies against *Dissenters*. But I cannot but admire at this second part of his Sayings, *That 9 parts of 10 throughout the whole Party of Dissenters, are People of good Intentions, and would never join in a Rebellion*. Tho' this be a very great truth, yet methinks, 'tis very strange out of his black Mouth. But does not this argue the Man of a great deal of Impudence and Wickedness, to condemn all *Dissenters*, from the Church of England for Rebels, Factions and *Seditious Banefulnes*, when (you see) he knows in his Conscience, 9 parts of 10 are *wholly* *wholly*? God would have spared *Sodom* could he have found but Ten Righteous Persons in it, but *Le' Strange* will not spare the *Dissenters*, but would destroy them, as he has endeavour'd to do their Reputation, though he believes but a Tenth part of them Wicked or *Rebellious*.

N. The Wind is veering about; 'tis time to record his good Sayings. *Towzer* is converted into a *Spaniel*.

S. No, you mistake the Man, he is the same still: he can as soon live without eating, as without railing; for so *Numb. 77. the Strange Observer*, falls to his Old Vomit, and under the Notion of enumerating all the flagitious Crimes of a company of *Traitors* and *Villains*,

disowned by all but themselves, brands the 9 parts of the 10 honest *Dissenters*, with their Mark; and what ever any one says in the justification of the honest *Dissenters*, he presently cries out, *So said, so did, their Predecessors with His Late Majesty.*

N. He has a good Memory: but I thought the Act of *Oblivion*, had been a Statute, that was not thus to be broken.

S. What cares a *Tory* for Laws or Statutes, so he may gain his Point, that is, making *Protestant Dissenters* odious: He forgets His Royal Majesties most Gracious Declaration from *Breda* (which His Majesty hath made good, and Confirmed by Act of Parliament) in which he expressly says, *Let all Our Subjects, how faulty soever, rely upon the Word of a King, solemnly given by this present Declaration, that no Crimes whatsoever, Committed against Us, or Our Royal Father, before the Publication of this, shall ever rise in Judgment, or be brought in question against any of them, to the least indamagement of them, either in their Lives, Liberties or Estates, or, as far forth as lies in our power, so much as to the prejudice of their Reputations, or Mark of Distinction from the rest of Our best Subjects: We Desiring and Ordaining, That henceforth all Names of Disorder, Separation and Difference of Parties, be utterly abolished among all Our Subjects, &c.* And a little after he says, *We do declare a Liberty to tender Conscience, and that no Man shall be Disquieted or called in question for Difference of Opinion in Matters of Religion, which do not disturb the Peace of the Kingdom. Upon which I shall only make one or two Queries.*

P. Whether the *Observer*, in making distinctions, and in his Dayly or Weekly abusing the *Dissenting Protestants*, and calling them by so many evil names, and especially by rakeing up all the most horrid Crimes of a Select Party, and throwing them upon the *Presbyterians*, and the whole body of *Dissenters*, who live peaceably, and under the Protection of the King's Laws, be not an acting quite contrary to the mind of His Majesty in this Declaration, and to the great disturbance of His Majesties Subjects?

II. Whether the *Observer* does not act against his own Conscience, in endeavouring to make the whole body of *Dissenters* to seem Factions and *Rebellious*, and to render them Odious and Formidable to His Majesty, and to the rest of His Majesties Leige Subjects, when he has declared that Nine Parts of Ten of them, he believes to be honest and peaceable?

III. Whether after this, any ought to believe, that this *Observer* writes for the Honour of his King, or in the behalf of the Church, or that rather, notwithstanding his Protestations to the contrary, we ought not to think him the hireling of the *Papish Faction* in *Masquerade*?



A New *DIALOGUE*  
BETWEEN  
**Somebody & Nobody.**  
OR THE  
**Observer and Heraclitus**  
**OBSERVED.**

Monday, December 19. 1681.

*No-body.* **S** Stand off; keep your distance.  
*Some-body.* What's the matter now?  
are you afraid of *Heraclitus's* Pocket Flailes?

*N.* Ay marry am I: for according to his character; a *True Protestant in the Modern sense*, or weak disputants, furnish themselves with those knock-down Arguments, that none can withstand them.

*S.* I see you are still troubled with the Proceedings of the *Old Baily*: will you never forget them?

*N.* Forget them! no not so soon: that will eternally vex the *Tories*; you know they are men of Memory, they will remember things long before they had a being.

*S.* They are full of Revenge and Malice too, if like *Heraclitus*; who tells you *Numb. 46. That those Hat Wavers in the Old Baily don't deserve to wear their Heads.*

*N.* 'Tis well he is not a Law-Maker, for then you and a great many more had been hang'd before now: There be *Tory Necklaces*, which are more fatal than *Protestant Flailes*:

*S.* Yes they have *Irish Oaths* too would decently do the Jobb, if *Heraclitus* or the worshipful *Observer* were of the *Jury*.

*N.* They are two Weekly Enemies; will you never leave pelting at them?

*S.* Not till they leave lying and stand'ring.

*N.* And that I'll assure you they cannot do, till they leave scribbling. But they are Hellishly angry with *Pug*, for averring *That Juries are judges of a Witnesses credibility.*

*S.* Ay, and because he cannot confute him with Arguments, would reach him with a pocket Flail if he could. He calls laying down the very words of the Statute, a wrestling it.

*N.* But he wrests it, to say, *Juries* are Judges of the Witnesses Credibility, when the *L C J* tells you to the contrary.

*S.* Would *Her.* have them to be at once Men without Sense and Reason. But since my *L C J* says to the *Jury*, the Witnesses are intended *prima facie* credible, unless you of your own knowledge know the contrary; the *Jury* may judge then by their own knowledge of the Witnesses Credibility; and then no doubt the *Jury* may very well justify their *Ignoramus*.

*N.* But Mr. *Observer Numb. 77.* proves them

credible Witnesses, and makes it an Arraignment of a Parliament to believe the contrary; since Mr. *Dugdale* was particularly recommended by the House of Commons, *Novemb. 2. 1680.* to His Majesty, to take him into His Royal Care, &c. and so likewise Mr. *Turbeville*, and Mr. *John Macnamarra*.

*S.* What an Argument is here! Because they once were credible Witnesses, therefore there is no possibility for them afterwards to become otherwise. Because the *Weather Dragon* on *Bow* sometimes turned his Snout towards the *Tower*, therefore he can never after that turn it towards *Westminster*. Because there was once a time Mr. *D.* had not a Clap, therefore Mr. *D.* afterwards cannot get a Clap to spoil his Evidence. Because once upon a time there was a Poet that wrote an Elegy on the Usurper *O. C.* therefore the same Poet cannot prove Loyal, and write *Absolon* and *Achitophel*; or because one fiddled once to *Cromwel*, the said man afterwards cannot turn *Tory* and *Observer*. *Tempora mutantur*—

And because some persons at some time Swear truly and sincerely, therefore the same persons may not be tamper'd with and prevail'd upon at some other time to be Perjur'd. Certainly the Learned *Observer* would have all men to be as much out of their Sences, as he is out in his Arguments, to draw Conclusions, that they who will not believe these men for credible Witnesses, whom the Parliament once represented for such, arraign the Parliament. Sure he thinks all the world fools to be thus ridiculously impos'd upon.

*N.* Nay, 'tis a meer *Popish* Design this of uncrediting the Witnesses; for under the colour of asserting the innocency of *Protestants* (which the *Observer* will not believe) they do all that is possible to advantage the cause, and to puzzle the discovery of the *Papists*. *Numb. 77.*

*S.* How zealous is this good man for the discovery of the *Popish* Plot! and what care he takes it may not be stifled by the innocency of the *Protestants*; according to his Rule, the best way to find out the *Popish* Plot, is to swear a *Presbyterian* Plot upon the Government and *Le Strange*.

*N.* *Her.* tells you, *Numb. 46.* Ingratitude and dullness will be for ever Characteristicks of *Whiggism*. Ingrateful the *Whigs* are; not to believe the same

same Witnesses that swore against the *Papists*; and *all* that will not understand the *Observators* Arguments to prove them credible.

S. If *Ingratitude* and *Dulness* be the *Whigs* character; *Lying* and *Perjury* seems to be as great marks of *Torism*. If the *Tories* have all the Wit, let the *Whigs* be content with their *and honesty*, so they have Sense enough to defend themselves from their adversaries rage and malice.

N. The *Observer* is a most prying man, diligent in his Vocation; he'll meet with you for it.

S. Not in *Moor-fields*, nor at *Madam Cresswells*. He is a diligent *Observer* indeed: *Dick Janeway* cannot tell the world in his *Intelligence*, of a *Bawd* being Convicted, but he makes his *Observations* upon it, and chews it as if he lov'd *Bawdry*, and still remembers his old haunts, and what he could have done: Mark some more of *Roger's* Pious Sayings, or *Apothegms*: 'Tis an unknown deal of money that good Woman has got by the way of True Protestant Concupiscence. Numb. 78. What a sweet breath he has! she was no *Bawd*, then for a *Tory*. Mark his next Godly Sentence, *Moor-fields* stands in so pleasant an Air, and there's the finest walk for Meditation, from a *Wench* to a *Sacrament*: *ibid.* You may perceive what Meditations this man used to have, he speaks to feelingly.

N. He cares not what he says against the *Whigs*; he would have no body talk bawdy, jeer, nor play the fool or Buffoon but himself.

S. I know he complains foully, Numb. 78. *What a thing it is to see one Gospelling it in the Pulpit one day, and Buffooning it in a Comus and Momus another. To see the same person acting Christ upon his Throne to his Congregation in a Conventicle, and Miming on the Stage to the Multitude, in a Libellous Cantant. To see a Teacher of the Gentiles go, reeking from the Stews to the Holy Table, and at the same time declaiming against Sensuality and Profaneness.* Are not these good and Pious Sayings?

N. It would do well to collect them for the assentors sayings; but where's the hurt of all this?

S. None at all; But he secretly would wound the Dissenting Ministers, as guilty of this; some of which he supposes write the *Protestant Observer*, and the *Covenant*. But we know the man is no Witch, he may be mistaken in his blind *Observations*, as well as his friend *Gadbury* in the Stars, and in his Prognosticks; though he brags they can hardly piss but he knows it, and has the *History of all their Haunts, Practices, Consults, and all the little accidents*, 78.

N. Nay he is down-right I assure you, and loves to speak plain.

S. He speaks plain enough, but it would be well if he spoke truth too: but he is for plain downright lying and accusing. *They* (says he, Numb. 78. meaning the *Dissenters*) have already assassinated one Protestant Prince, and involved 3 Kingdoms in Blood, Sacrilege and Confusion; and they are now contriving the same over again, by a more audacious and Diabolical Association. This is an high Charge.

N. But he tells you, that they are *Hypocrites*, neither *Protestants* nor *Papists*, that take upon

them the name of *Protestants*, and brand all the Sons and Servants of the Government (such as himself) for *Papists*. These are the only men he speaks against, that have made an Association and Confederacy.

S. And let him in Gods Name: but he should do more than write or speak against such, for he should bring them forth, and shew their particular persons to the world, that Justice might be done on them, and not by his Caterwauling, endeavour to make us believe all the *Dissenters* are such kind of persons, and enter'd into an Hellish Plot, and Association against the Government.

N. If you would have let him alone, he would have shewn you the particular persons one by one: they say Mr. *Somebody* has a list of them; but the *Ignoramus Jurys* spoyl'd the list; and the folly of the *Tories* in overdoing, has quite undone the *Presbyterian* Plot. But do you think, that he who will translate out of *French*, an *Apology for the Protestants*, and justify their departure from the Church of *Rome*, will be so wicked to undermine them, and make them guilty of Plots, when innocent?

S. He can do more than that, when in his Conscience he believes no such thing.

N. The *Observer* says, Numb. 79. *There is no Protestant Plot, but indeed that there is a Phanatic Plot; but they are no Protestants no more than a Turk, who puts forth English Colours is a Christian.*

S. But who are these he calls *Phanatics*? He tells you in several places, they are the *Dissenters*, and the *Protestants* are only those of the Church of *England*, so that 'tis clear, all *Dissenters* are Plotters against the Government, false Christians, or Hereticks, and so according to the *Tory* Principle, may be lawfully knockt on the Head, or swore out of their Lives, or any way put out of the way.

N. That is, *Because their Religion is a mass of Errors wraps up under one denomination, a medley of Opinions united in a Conspiracy, and divided in Truth*, Numb. 79.

S. Yes, We know what he says of them well enough, and that he makes them the Gunpowder of the State; but they are Trains of his own laying, and which he would set fire too, if he could, and were these *Dissenters* such persons he has represented them to be, he had done it long since.

N. I confess he cares not for the Damn'd Vertue *Patience*. Obs. 80.

S. O that *Medicine* for a Mad Dog: A *virtue in Religion*, but not in *State*, *ibid.* He hates *Patience* on either hand, that Vertue in the *Whigs* troubles him, because they won't run horn mad at his luteing; and in the *State*, because it nips not the *Phanaticks* in the bud; that is, hang up all that take the liberty of contradicting the *State* *Scavengers*.

N. I find this *Patience* has done much mischief.

S. It has disappointed the *Tantatas*, and makes them blow Sedition so long, till they are almost weary.